The Commonweal

January 26, 1951

EISENHOWER'S NEW JOB

Toward a United Europe

ANDREW BOYLE

FROM GERMANY

Who Will Pay the Piper?

CLARA MENCK

"POLICY FOR THE WEST"

A Formula for Survival

HAROLD C. HINTON

Volume LIII **15c** *Number 16*

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Idea for a Magazine IV

Mark Hanna used to say,
"When a dog
bites a man,
it is not news;
but when a man
bites a dog,
it is news."

To tell everybody
that a man died
leaving two million dollars,
may be journalism,
but it is not
good journalism.
But to tell everybody
that a man died
leaving two million dollars
because he did not know
how to take them with him
by giving them to the poor
for Christ's sake
during his lifetime
is good journalism.
Good journalism
is to give the news
and the right comment
on the news.
The value of journalism
is the value of the comment
given with the news.

To be a good journalist
is to say something interesting
about interesting things
or interesting people.
The news is the occasion
for the journalist
to convey his thinking
to unthinking people.
Nothing can be done
without public opinion,
and thinking people
who know how
to transmit their thinking
to unthinking people.

By affecting public opinion
the thinking journalist
is a creative agent
in the making of the news
that is fit to print.
The thinking journalist
is not satisfied
to be just a recorder
of modern history.
The thinking journalist
aims to be a maker
of that kind of history
that is worth recording.

PETER MAURIN.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Preparing

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S budget message more or less completes the picture of what we may all expect during the next few months, barring a Russian move on Europe or the Middle East. It calls upon the American people to pay some fifty per cent more in taxes than in 1945, the previous record.

Low income groups are to be hardest hit by the official policy of paying as we go in order to contain inflation. And since rigid price controls are yet to be set up, it is the slimmer purses that will be strained by ever higher living costs. Meanwhile, as these relative austerities intensify, large numbers from the 18- and 19-year age groups will be going into the armed services.

The national defense policy which the Administration has adopted has many disquieting aspects. Though the decision to stay in Korea has as its primary object the impeding of other Chinese aggressions, the cost in American casualties will be heavy. The gauge of our success is apparently to be the number of Chinese we succeed in mowing down. And the effect of the protracted struggle on the Koreans themselves is appalling to contemplate.

In Europe, uncertainties multiply. France and Britain do appear to be girding themselves, but so far the bulk of the activated French armed forces are entangled in the jungles of Indo-China, while even the waning strength of the French Communist Party continues as an internal security threat. Britain, for her part, takes a far more conciliatory line toward Mao and Stalin than the United States does. The formula for integrating Western Germany into these defenses eludes us. In our apprehension we turn to such unattractive allies as Tito, Franco and Chiang.

Of course, there is some possibility that the USSR would concentrate her bombing attacks, at least, on our own productive facilities and centers of population rather than on Europe's. Accordingly we must be ready. Booklets on what to do in case of an atom-bomb attack have already been distributed in this country by the hundreds of thousands. Bomb shelters have been set up; others are in the process of construction. Plans for evacuation of city populations—and for feeding, clothing and sheltering them — are under way.

But the actual decision as to whether or not, as to where and when and in what form war might come, is not in American hands. Until the Russians march and their bombers and submarines take off on their first missions, we can continue to hope that Stalin will not take the fatal plunge. The manifest strength of our determination to resist, the extent of our resources and preparations and the steady resurgence of the forces of Western Europe may prove enough to dissuade the Kremlin until our immediate defenses are more formidable. Is there any feasible alternative for us than preparedness?

This nation is in no position to call the turn, but only to seek to restrain it or influence its direction. Even more so is the decision out of the hands of the individual American citizen. The forces at work are far beyond his power to control. He is caught up in a chain of events which lead where he knows not. In the best of times we are completely dependent upon our Creator; the stress we now face is a forceful reminder of our continuing dependence.

Turning Back That Clock

IT HAS long been said that the march of socialism and of statism is relentless. It is said to be a process which is not reversible—unless the whole thing blows up and the survivors start all over again.

In New Zealand they have been swimming against the stream. Having been the first to

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• NEXT WEEK •

DONALD ATTWATER tells the story of the Distributist Movement, with which G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc were so intimately connected.

In explaining its virtual disappearance after the bright promise of a quarter-century ago, Mr. Attwater compares the personal demands of Distributism with those of Christianity. He writes: "Socialism looked so much easier than a real revolution. Socialism wants to give people what they want; Distributism wants people to want some rather different things."

adopt state ownership and controls, New Zealanders are the first to attempt to get rid of some of them. When the Nationalist Party won the elections thirteen months ago, it was pledged to turn the clock back toward laissez-faire.

Perhaps the most important single step the Nationalists have taken is to return the coal industry to private owners. Other changes include abolishing the monopoly on workmen's compensation formerly enjoyed by the government accident insurance department. In the field of housing the new government has permitted homes to be put on the open market without price ceilings and offered to sell thousands of its low-rent housing projects to private owners.

The Nationalists have only been at it for a year, but up to now their program does not sound revolutionary, or counter-revolutionary. What they have done suggests one thing. If state ownership and controls are to be superseded without violence, it will only be by yielding them to specific private, community or cooperative interests pressing to take them on. With adequate popular backing, a group of citizens in a democracy can conceivably win back control over productive or distributive facilities appropriated by the state. What is difficult to put across, but is none the less more consonant with the common good, is to supplant federally-controlled facilities with local and cooperative groups. To get enthusiastic backing for such a development is the real rub.

One Way Out

IF, SO FAR, the national debate on foreign policy has not done much to get us out from under the clouds hanging over our heads, it is not because the participants involved haven't been doing their best to lead us into a sunnier climate; it is simply that in whatever direction they would have us look, the encircling gloom seems to darken the prospect before us. Broadly speaking, we have, in respect of Europe and Asia, only one of three possible directions to take—isolation from both continents, commitment to both, or commitment to one continent to the exclusion of the other—but no matter which one of these three alternatives we choose, we have no assurance that having chosen it, all will then be bright and well with the world.

To withdraw into ourselves in total isolation is a course of action that most people see as slow strangulation. To commit ourselves in sufficient

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strength to both continents is physically impossible. To throw all our weight to Asia is impractical, if for no other reason than that we cannot abandon Europe nor can we resolve the revolution in Asia with bullets. To put the biggest part of our strength behind Europe, though it is certainly the wisest thing to do, is a policy that even its supporters are quite ready to admit does not guarantee that we shall soon have what Mr. Hoover calls a "sure dam" against the Russians, especially in view of the fact that we cannot afford to concentrate exclusively on Europe.

It is, it seems, because the alternatives before us in the present debate offer so little reason for confidence and so small a measure of security, that there has appeared to date no sure answer to the question the country so desperately asks, the question, What do we do now? No one, of course, is likely to come up with an absolutely confident answer very soon because what we are really asking ourselves is, How do we survive?, and there has been no reassuring answer to that question ever since it first began to haunt us five years ago at Hiroshima.

Considering that for the moment, at least, we have our backs to the wall, it is remarkable that in the present debate, conceived as a "re-examination" of our foreign policy, there has been no new idea, no startling proposal from any quarter on how we might begin, for a change, to out-think our adversary. No one, for instance, has come forward with a bright thought on the tremendous and urgent matter of relieving hunger in Asia and countering the Communists there with something better than guns and stop-gap loans. It is significant that at a time when there is a threat of starvation in India and when the Indian Government has petitioned Washington for food (we turned down a similar petition some months ago), this country sits listening to its foremost national debater, who suggests, among other things, that we "release" Chiang's juggernaut from Formosa so that the Nationalists can invade the mainland—something that would almost certainly bring on a full-scale and futile war between the US and Communist China, a disaster that would merely compound Asia's misery and sign away the continent to Stalin at one stroke.

If this is all the wisdom "re-examination" has imparted to our thinking, if this is all it has done to salvage the remaining friends we have in Asia, then there are a lot of overcast days ahead—at least until re-examination begins in earnest and in the affirmative, in such a way as to release the creative and constructive energies we have.

The Palmer Method

MISS GRETTA PALMER, a writer long known to the readers of the *Reader's Digest*, *Ladies Home Journal* and *Look*, among others, now writes a column impenitently titled "Top of My Mind" which is syndicated to Catholic diocesan papers by the NCWC news service.

Miss Palmer may promise no more than surface thinking, but from time to time she chooses to deal with matters weighty enough to engage the best minds of the Church. In her current column, headed "Reform Or Conversion?," she tackles the subject of Christian social reconstruction.

As readers of *Rerum Novarum*, *Quadragesimo Anno* and other modern papal documents know, this is a topic rather exhaustively considered in Catholic circles during the past sixty years. The list of thinkers who have given a lifetime of thought and effort to the question include the names of Bishop von Ketteler, Luigi Sturzo, John A. Ryan, Oswald von Nell-Breuning, Virgil Michel and a hundred more of equal brilliance on both sides of the Atlantic.

Some of these men were philosophers to reckon with. As Pius XI said in *Quadragesimo Anno*: "It is not surprising that many scholars, both priests and laymen, led especially by the desire that the unchanged and unchangeable teaching of the Church should meet new demands and needs more effectively, have zealously undertaken to develop, with the Church as their guide and teacher, a social and economic science in accord with the conditions of our time."

But Miss Palmer, an earnest student of Thomist terminology, is not one to shy away from making a distinction herself, if she feels the times call for it. The subjunctive tone of her current column-head is no accident. It turns out to be a promise of things to come.

Miss Palmer has a thesis. If one dares to state it in few words, it goes like this: The great need of the age is for a Christian apostolate. But this apostolate is not to be confused with "reforming the social order." That is a mean task which the NCWC columnist variously describes as a "pet enthusiasm" of devout men in this age, as "not an apostolic task," and as "too trivial" for a Catholic's best efforts.

Catholics who might have taken the social encyclicals a bit too seriously are advised that "the very word 'reformer' should strike terror into a Catholic heart: for it was the astigmatic

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men of the 'Reformation' who sundered the whole, seamless robe of Western Christendom."

No anti-semantic, our Gretta Palmer.

The next paragraph is studiously sprinkled with the terminology, if not the metaphyical insight, of Aristotle. Miss Palmer tells us:

> A reformer takes the materials to hand and reshapes them into the pattern he prefers. He adds nothing. He merely pounds and pats what is already there so that it serves a new purpose. For 'form,' the philosophers tell us, is proportionate to an end, to a final cause. A reformer will, thus, suggest divvying up the money or the power or the votes of society in order to accomplish an end he has in view: equity or justice, say.
>
> But he will not, if he is a mere reformer, galvanize a society by bringing it to a whole new system of truths and incentives, passions and ideals. Yet that is what the Apostles did: they gave their century an utterly new and revolutionary 'final cause.' They did not trouble themselves with mere 'forms,' for such things follow after—forms arrange themselves when once a different end is sought by man.

For Aristotle and Aquinas mere forms were mere principles of being; Gretta Palmer, indefatigable popularizer that she is, seems to conceive of their abstruse metaphysics in mud-pie terms. But we leave it to Miss Palmer's tutors to straighten her out on just what it is that "the philosophers tell us." Stripped of the ersatz Aristotle, her message seems to be that if we just forget about reconstructing the social order and concentrate exclusively on converting people to Christianity the social order will take care of itself in time—there's no reason to get steamed up over these trivialities.

IN ANSWERING this hoary objection to Christian social action one can choose from any number of authoritative texts. Miss Palmer might, for instance, give a thought to the words "Thy Kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven." Or let her consider these words of Pope Pius XII (*La Sollenitá*):

> What remains for Us but, in the spirit of Leo XIII and in accordance with his advice and purpose, to exhort you to continue to promote the work which the last generation of your brothers and sisters has begun with such staunch courage? Do not let die in your midst and fade away the insistent call of the two Pontiffs of the social Encyclicals, that voice which indicates to the faithful, in the supernatural regeneration of mankind, the moral obligation to cooperate in the arrangement of society, and especially of economic life, exhorting those who share in this life to action no less than the State itself. Is this not a sacred duty for every Christian?

Let her weigh these words of the late Cardinal Suhard (*Growth or Decline?*):

> . . . the task of Christians is clearly stated. If they do not cure, if they do not reform, through institutions and substitute a livable climate for the deleterious environment of this "soulless world," their missionary efforts run a great risk of being compromised. To convert the world it is not enough to be saints, and preach the Gospel. Rather one cannot be a saint and live the Gospel we preach without spending himself to provide everyone with the housing, employment, food, leisure, education, etc.—without which life is no longer human. Hence the mission of the Christian is not only an apostolate: it is the convergence of three simultaneous actions: religious, civic, and social.

TO OPEN her current column, Gretta Palmer wrote:

> Leftist and liberal Catholic publications beat their breasts with an editorial "nostra culpa" . . . whenever Red gains are chalked up. It is their premise that if Catholics had fought the evils of capitalism with enough picket-lines and boycotts, the hungry and disaffected would have signed baptismal records rather than party cards.

THE COMMONWEAL, we presume, is on that list of publications which Miss Palmer, ever the Aristotelian, categorizes so neatly. We accept the indictment. We plead guilty to a persistent dissatisfaction with social evil and the presence of hunger in the world. And we are guilty, too, of holding that the social injustices practiced and tolerated by Christians have a definite relationship to the "disaffection" (Miss Palmer means apostasy, as did Leo XIII when he described it as the greatest Christian scandal of the 19th century) among exploited people.

We are guilty of believing that much of the success of Communism was built on the failures of Christians. It is a guilt we share with Pius XI, who wrote (*Divini Redemptoris*):

"If we would explain the blind acceptance of Communism by so many thousands of workmen, we must remember that the way had been already prepared for it by the religious and moral destitution in which wage-earners had been left by liberal economics. . . . It can surprise no one that the Communistic fallacy should be spreading in a world already to a large extent de-Christianized."

Miss Palmer, we fear, has rushed in.

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Toward a United Europe

To get action, General Eisenhower "will have to cajole, bully and threaten his several political masters."

By ANDREW BOYLE

NOBODY claims to know precisely what General Eisenhower meant when he stated, soon after his arrival in Paris, that his ultimate task would be the creation of a "United Europe." And the reason why nobody of importance has risen on his hind legs to denounce the Supreme Commander for flagrantly poaching on Mr. Churchill's favorite political preserve is tragically simple: without the sinews of war to protect those basic democratic rights and institutions now imperilled in every European nation, there can never be an extension of those rights and institutions. In short, a weak Europe will remain a disunited Europe; and, conversely, a strong, resolute Europe with a single, integrated defense force to guard its frontiers has every chance of becoming politically *one*.

The last thing I wish to do is misinterpret the General's words. Nor am I anxious to lay myself open to the charge of wishful thinking. It may seem at first glance that I am guilty of oversimplifying his tremendous task. Up to a point, I do not deny it. Words and paper formulae are so elastic that they can be twisted and bent into any shape, and then colored to suit the writer's own pet prejudices; and the concept of "European Unity" has become a catch-phrase so bandied about in the perorations of politicians that it can be made to mean anything or nothing. In this context I will stick religiously to the facts, and let them speak for themselves.

Undoubtedly, the new Supreme Commander faces an unenviable task. His former Deputy Chief of Staff at SHAEF, Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, a trusted colleague and a close personal friend of Eisenhower's, put it to me like this: "The task was difficult enough before the invasion of the Continent in 1945 and in some ways it grew worse as it became clear that we were winning the war. Then there were only two nations, Britain and the US, intimately involved. Besides, there was a sense of breathless urgency that swept aside most clashes of temperament and collisions of sectional interests. It was a question of 'to hell with prestige and the rest of it, let's get on with the vital job of winning the battles ahead.' Now it's not two nations, but twelve. There is no war to give the needed sense of urgency, only the looming shadow of it to obscure and confuse the main issues. Everyone knows that Ike is the man to try and straighten things out. And I'm absolutely sure he'll succeed in the end—if he's given the power and the unqualified trust to do so."

At present there is no certainty in Europe what exact authority has been conferred on Eisenhower. That he will take his orders theoretically from the cumbersome Atlantic Council of Defense Ministers is, of course, acknowledged; but where his brief begins, and how far it will be allowed to range, are matters wrapped up in mystery. It is also known that on military questions he will deal directly with the standing group in Washington; and that on political questions he will have access to the heads of States.

One can sympathize in a way with Senator Taft's vigorous disapproval of the top-heavy American contribution in men, arms and advice to Western defense; and one might suggest that the balance of effort is likely to be better spread when a political representative with the requisite authority—and personal qualities comparable to Eisenhower's—is appointed to take some of the work off the Supreme Commander's broad shoulders.

★

IT WILL not be readily forgotten in Europe that the bold idea of a European Army, in which all national fears and pride should be merged for the salvation of a weakened, disillusioned continent, was first propounded at Strasbourg. In that same session of the emasculated Council of Europe last August the then vague, and now extremely real, proposal for a European Defense Minister was urged by a distinguished French statesman. When the Atlantic Council met in Brussels recently, that proposal was taken down from the shelf and given a slight but not altogether enthusiastic dusting.

Perhaps it seemed to the deputies that one decision at a time was quite enough. "Let Eisenhower get started on the job first," one could

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almost hear them say. "If he finds he needs help, we'll think again."

One trembles at the thought of how many proud ministerial toes may be trodden on when Eisenhower settles down to work in earnest. And one wonders whether mere "access" to heads of States will guarantee those swift, willing decisions without which the building of a solid Western defense force will be reduced to a farcical tilting at windmills.

It is because few level-headed Europeans can conceive Dwight D. Eisenhower as a modern Don Quixote that such depressing speculations have been thrust aside. Besides, comparisons with the toy soldiering carried out at Fontainebleau by Montgomery and his Western Union staff are empty. Unfortunately, Western Union was kept well and truly under the large, stubborn thumb of Mr. Bevin. Montgomery, whatever his faults, was never permitted to plan beyond the restricted limits imposed by Britain's Foreign Secretary, in whose eyes European planning in any realistic sense was a dangerous dissipation of forces and energies. At least the first premises are vastly different now. An army to defend the Old World has to be formed, and the most illustrious soldier of the age has been selected to form it. If Mr. Bevin or any other leading politician nurses a secret grudge at the new direction over-all planning has taken, he has only himself to blame for it.

As one of Britain's influential and better informed periodicals, *The Economist,* stated recently: "General Eisenhower will have to cajole, bully and threaten his several political masters if he is to get the forces he requires." While he and his colleagues are striving with testy or reluctant Ministers, the isolationists and the pessimists on both sides of the Atlantic will be, if anything, quicker than usual to add the load of misunderstanding to his enormous burden.

The Communists and fellow-travelers for their part can be relied on by the Cominform to "keep the pot of discontent simmering" in the lands where national economies are being redirected to furnish the tools for defense.

★

THAT is the darker side of the European picture. Are there any highpoints of relief? Unquestionably there are, thank goodness—and the West should ponder its assets as well as its liabilities occasionally in these desperate days, when war-nerves throw such a strain on the hope and fortitude of millions. The quiet resolve of ordinary citizens is not the stuff from which newspaper headlines are made. Only the noisy disturbances of articulate minorities are likely to catch the attention of the sensation-hunter. And if the outmoded or lackadaisical methods of Britain's once-legendary M.I.5 in dealing with "the enemy within" gave a genuine jolt to public confidence, the reaction was sufficient to ensure a drastic tightening-up of the security system.

The lesson, moreover, has been salutary for other European countries as well. Nor should it be forgotten that the apathy which certain American critics profess to see as a permanent feature of the average European's outlook on the post-war world is—in many cases—not far removed from a spirit of stern stoicism. The capacity for surprise has diminished, and though for some this may have meant a gradual withdrawal into a dream-world of escapist fancy, for the majority it still means an almost unnatural readiness to expect and accept the worst without fear.

The fact that European opinion as a whole has decided that the one extremity to be avoided is the national weakness and defenselessness which inevitably lead to defeat and occupation is distinctly reassuring. It is, so to speak, the obverse side of returning moral confidence.

The outstanding political channel into which a large part of European hope has begun to flow is the so-called "international parliament" — the Council of Europe at Strasbourg.

What it lacks in representative and legislative power, it more than compensates for in moral authority. The twin ideas of an Army for Europe, and a Defense Minister to provide weapons for that Army, were formulated at Strasbourg last summer; and it is interesting to recall today —when General Eisenhower is beginning to build such a force—that Mr. Churchill was snubbed by British Socialist Ministers, who should have known better, for his "irresponsibility" in putting forward so wild a suggestion!

★

IT IS probable that the Council of Europe will receive a new Statute before long which may mark the dawn of a bold era in democratic rule on an international plane. Plans for a two-chamber parliament, with certain powers in defense, currency, and customs matters, are being drafted and redrafted by the irrepressible crusaders for a Europe united politically as well as militarily. Governments may try to block the movement on the grounds that first things must come first, and that months of sustained national effort will be necessary before General Eisenhower gets the arms and men he needs for the primary task of Western defense. But more and more people in "liberated" Europe are becoming convinced that the individual nation-state alone cannot withstand the pressures of this divided world. They know instinctively that the Communists in their midst have a clear, fanatical vision of the future that can be made by unscrupulously exploiting the difficulties of the present. And they believe that those difficulties — particularly in the economic field—can best be overcome by the concerted work of Europe's finest political brains in one parliament assembled.

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FROM GERMANY

Who Will Pay the Piper?

"YES, we had a pleasant Christmas," my neighbor said to me, "but I could not help thinking that everything was like a farewell dinner." This woman certainly had never heard of the many articles written about the "facade" of West-German life, but like everyone else, she had felt the same thing. On the surface, nothing seemed more normal than the daily life of the Christmas season: women carrying star-shaped cake-batter to the baker, shops full of customers, lectures on cultural themes in every available public hall.

And normal, too, was the political life in the US zone; new local governments were being set up as a result of the elections, as is the usual thing. But it was the Christmas message of Chancellor Adenauer that tore away the facade from this merry bustle. He said that we must prepare to defend ourselves, if necessary, since there are natural rights of self-defense and security that only an irresponsible government would ignore. So this year the great feast of love was the occasion for a political speech on the question that has been and still is behind all daily activity here, German rearmament.

★

THIS Christmas speech did not add to the Chancellor's popularity. Rightly or not, he has become a symbol of remilitarization. Though most people realize that the issue has been settled by the Brussels conference, the attitude of the common man is that one has to give in to policies that are considered realistic, even though one is not himself convinced that these policies correspond to European and German realities.

When foreign observers have seen the discrepancy between a happy-go-lucky facade and the sometimes startling emotional reactions of Germans, they have spoken on occasion of the "mystery" of German life today and at times they have even simplified the problem by speaking of German viciousness. Both, of course, are nonsense. There is nothing mysterious or vicious about the present attitude of the common man in West Germany, and one will understand this if only he will try to comprehend what the "realities" of life are for the German, that is, what the realities are as the German sees and experiences them.

Above all, he takes seriously the Russian statements that they, the Russians, will not reconcile themselves to German rearmament. He tries to read between the lines of the Brussels communiqué to find a hint of a decision to postpone the question. He thinks rearmament will confirm to a fatal degree the Russian idea about Western "aggression." He underlines the difficulties of supplying the Atlantic partners with weapons. He fears that during the critical period ahead public discussion about integrating German units into a non-existing army will only make political trouble and it will all seem more like a sign of jumpiness than of statesmanship. All in all, the Germans feel a general unwillingness to be made the victims of vague and confused plans.

If Germans are inclined to underestimate the importance of public opinion, they overestimate the remarks of individuals. When an influential person in the US speaks out for preventive war, or when Mr. Hoover preaches a new isolationism, one takes these phrases for "official" declarations. This ignorance of the details and intricacies of politics in America is the reason many Germans get an impression of general confusion and nervousness in the States. When a Catholic of some renown, who never has had any liking for the Soviets, told me some days ago, "I hope Stalin is realistic," he only expressed the widespread fear that the lack of realism in American politics will lead to drastic consequences. The English attitude in the Korean conflict is much more popular than the American. The German believes in the "century-old wisdom" of English foreign policies, even though the continued dismantling of factories in the English zone is criticized more sharply than ever.

This critical attitude toward American foreign policies of the last few months must not be understood as meaning a turn to the East. The fear that American isolationism will force West Germany into a merger with the Eastern zone is just as great as the fear of Russian aggression. The people supported Dr. Adenauer when he hesitated to talk over unification with the East zone Germans. But undoubtedly a West German radio commentator accurately expressed the state of popular opinion when he gave this as an objective for German politics: to act in such a way that neither the Americans nor the Russians go westward.

This statement may startle or even disgust the American reader because of its negativism. But surely neither this commentator nor the common man intends simply to worm his way between the great powers. He feels that with one and a half million unemployed and with equipment lacking for European armies, there must be enough work for Germans without getting back into uniform. And this would allow West Germany the economic stability it needs in order to be immune from Soviet propaganda.

★

THIS mood has been expressed most clearly in the recent elections in the US zone. The almost uniform results in the three sections of the zone—gains for the Socialists, losses for the Christian Democrats, the disappearance of the Communists from the diets—lent them a more than local importance. The policies of Bonn, not of the local areas, were really what the voters passed on. Here, too, German rearmament was the main issue, not the activites of the government as a whole.

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Quite otherwise were the results in West Berlin, where elections took place a week or a fortnight later: there were gains for the Christian Democrats, losses for the Socialists. Berlin has never known any sort of normalcy since the war; the mood of a besieged fortress prevails; so one has nothing more to lose by rearmament, everything is at stake at every moment—while in the West one has gotten accustomed to a normalcy of life and he tries to cling to the status quo.

The mood of the West-German youth was expressed in a poll taken among 4,000 students of the University of Stuttgart in the American zone. Ten per cent supported rearmament under present conditions, 41% were against it altogether, 48% voted for rearmament "under certain conditions"—what most of them meant was equal political and economic rights for Germany.

A student of 27, a man of rare qualities who has succeeded in building up a new life after the war, said to me: "I have been a good soldier in my time, but I learned too many tricks the last time. I would be too much tempted to use them in order to come back to the life I have worked for these last few years. Even if I tried I could never be a good soldier again." Another youth, a former vagabond who has found refuge in an American hospital as a stretcher-bearer, could give no reasons for not wanting to go back into uniform, except to say: "Officers again? Stand at attention again? No, I assure you, out of our unit of 300 only 10 would be willing to enlist!"

★

THOUGH I have talked with people of more political understanding, I remembered just these two interviews, when, on New Year's Eve, the new national hymn was introduced by Dr. Theodor Heuss, the president of the Bundesrepublik. It is a fine poem by the Christian poet, Rudolf Alexander Schroeder, praising Germany as the land of faith, love, and hope. I wondered, will it become popular? Will a common feeling run throughout this country making common action possible?

We were standing at the time on the balcony of my home watching rockets rising around us. Suddenly a girl of 20, one of my guests, said: "Well, you know Dr. Heuss. So do I. And I think he is such a nice man, really democratic and of a good humor. So why, for heaven's sake, didn't he make the song that we used to sing at carnivals the national hymn, the one that goes: 'Who will pay the paper? Who has so much dough?' It would have been popular at once. Don't you think so?"

"I only think," I replied, "that it is very difficult to achieve popularity in this country, and that applies to men and ideas. I am afraid it takes more time than we can afford. I only hope that time will be given to us." But this she did not understand, being twenty and having just ridden, for the first time in her life, on a motorcycle. A ridiculous fact, you will say, compared to the Big Four conference on rearmament that is to come. But a fact one should take into account, because—more ridiculously still—maybe the future will depend on what she and her friends will think "popular."

CLARA MENCK.

SO THEY TELL ME

The Reluctant Witness

INTO the life of a man whose wife she was, whose children she bore, to whom, apparently, she offered no love, whose marriage was conditioned on Communism—into his life that former wife comes once again, to give her witness of his supposed past perfidy.

She looks like an effeminate boy, an epicene Victorian, a female Shelley. Her hair cut like a boy's and slightly wild, her face a boy's, the mouth a compressed single line but slightly curved, her face running eagerly and swiftly down to a chin that makes the whole face oval, the white throat bared by an open shirt, the strong, fine hands—she looks like the Brontes ought to have looked who stared out over the moors, the desolate, secret, untamed moors, her eyes wild-looking, certain-looking—under the masculine and dark and heavy, arching eyebrows—as if some vision once seen and swiftly seized loitered there still.

About her, indeed, a woman under subpoena, a self-confessed "reluctant witness . . . trying to tell the truth as I remember it," is something truly Victorian. For she admits that she married without love, but thought that she "might grow to love him." Communists both, according to her, and her husband a clandestine worker, an underground man for the Communists, they received a scarf one Christmas from Miss Elizabeth Bentley, along with the salutation, "Merry Christmas from the party."

It is a government exhibit now, a silent and accepted witness, a quiet recognition—if Mrs. Ann Moos Remington speaks truth—of one spy by another, an inanimate object out of the revealed past, threading the lives of these three people, one of whom is charged with perjury.

It lay there before the eyes of the jury; a crumpled thing of red and white and gray squares, identified by Mrs. Remington—a thing to fold around the neck, to knot around the neck. It was not a scrap of writing whose authorship might be disputed and be doubted forever, nor a remembered conversation torn out of the refrigerated crypts of the mind. It was an article of clothing, a gift from a woman, recognized by a woman who had been a wife; a presence which could not be denied and which, like the Hiss typewriter, may destroy beyond retrieving, the career of a young man.

★

THE past haunts all of us and none escapes from it; and a man's marriage is with him always till he dies. Even though that marriage may have been destroyed it will go with him through his life as an unredeemed

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partnership. And he will never be wholly free from it; from its love now extinguished, or its lack of love, or from its hatred or its malice. In peril or in hour of need it will confront him, and the woman he once made his partner, surely out of love for her, will rise before him, or will, in criminal disaster, come into court against him, and will testify against him to his great peril.

A man's wife cannot be compelled to testify against him in an American court of law. But if she has ceased to be his wife the law may force her to testify against him, and bear witness against him under subpoena. This Mrs. Ann Remington has done.

They scarcely looked at each other in the courtroom, looked past each other as new strangers do. This obviously well spoken woman, come from Virginia to New York to give testimony against her former husband, says quite casually on the witness stand, "He told me he was a member of the Communist Party and adjured me to secrecy."

It is not a phrase that comes easily to most of us, nor part of our daily use. It is a learned phrase, a legal phrase, a phrase of conspirators if you will, but yet not current among the Mafia, the lowly, the desperate, the activist, the fiercely possessed, the purely passionate. It is a phrase one uses who is more, too, than merely competent. It strikes the ear at once. And it tells something about its user; that she has great regard for the language, for her native tongue, treating it, even under stress, with respect and with dignity.

And this, further, is borne out by her somewhat formal statement in response to a question by the prosecutor, and at the urging of Judge Noonan. It is possible that Mrs. Remington has a sense of drama, and that she delivered these lines haltingly may not be proof of their spontaneity. But I must, in the face of no contrary evidence, presume that she spoke them as they came to her mind:

> I am a very reluctant witness and it is extremely difficult for me to testify against the father of my children. I bear no malice toward him personally. I have been subpoenaed by the government and I am trying to tell the truth as I remember it.

★

MRS. REMINGTON is somewhat older than her husband and was ahead of him at college. He was still an undergraduate at Dartmouth when she, having been graduated from Bennington College, was doing graduate work, at Columbia in 1938. This was the year of their marriage. To a young man of obvious intellectual interests she must, by the very quality and caste of her mind, alone, have been very appealing. To him she must have appeared as a grave and studious woman—she met him, she says, at a "peace rally"—not unaware of the serious and even somber character of the world of the late thirties. Herself "in the process of joining" the Young Communist League, she must have seemed a genuine, an authentic radical, unsatisfied with the seeming monasticism and unreality of the Socialist college groups.

Thus—if she speaks the truth—in a car parked on the Dartmouth campus, he unburdened his secret to her —somewhat boastfully, I imagine—offering it as a shining badge of merit, the tale told his Lady of a dragon slain. He talked about his work as a summer messenger for the TVA.

"What did he tell you?"

"He said he had been beaten up while working for the Workers Alliance. . . ."

And then Mrs. Ann Remington told of his adjuring her to secrecy as the young man admitted that he was a member of the Communist Party. And, as she told this in the courtroom, "a half-smile crossed her face."

★

THIRTEEN years have passed since then — the Stalin-Nazi Pact, the war, the satellites, the open but unadmitted imperialistic character of Stalin's Russia —and a mother of his two children recounts this secret-telling in a car at Dartmouth College, and a half-smile crosses her face.

What did that half-smile mean on that strange, long face? What, in using these words, did she remember? Was it simplicity? Why, if she was in the process of joining the Party and he already a member, was she only a year later reluctant to marry him? And why the condition, coming from her and not from him—"one of the *requirements* I asked was that he would continue to be a Communist"? Did her marriage fail because he left the Communist Party—to which he claims he never belonged?

Already there appear some cracks in her testimony. Under cross-examination her claim that Mr. Remington ceased to associate "openly" with the Young Communist League so that a chance for a fellowship wouldn't be injured, was denied; the fact appears that he already had the fellowship. That Mr. Remington heckled a Marxist instructor at Communist headquarters in 1940 she made as a compelled admission. Yet these may be lapses of memory natural to the human mind.

She has given a good deal of testimony; much of it seems to substantiate what was said about Mr. Remington by Miss Bentley some time ago. But we are forbidden to pass judgment. For the trial has only just begun. And Mr. Remington at this writing has not yet had his day in court.

Still it is only natural to wonder about the lady. Is it possible to suppose that she is without malice? That half-smile bothers the mind and solicits the aid of the imagination.

Mrs. Ann Remington says that she thought—like many a parent-ordered woman of the nineteenth century—she could grow to love her husband. But she has not told us whether love came, bidden or unbidden, to comfort and give warmth and brightness to that strange and not uncomplicated household, or coming died; and, if so, why or when.

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But hearing her recite the secrets of his past, the trip to Mexico, the alleged Communists he met, the letter and the money to *New Masses,* the ringing of doorbells to get Earl Browder elected to Congress in 1940, the underground meetings with Miss Bentley and the now dead Jacob Golos, apparently the head of Russian spies in the United States, the "top secret" formula for explosives allegedly given by Remington to Miss Bentley, the gift of the checkered scarf, all these; and the facts and conditions of his marriage, now no longer, yet forever a fact of his life; his own love, or former love, come to deliver him into the hands of the enemy—melancholy must have seized his mind. For the past, whatever it be, he can never undo. Even the illusions of the past remain, however much they sting and hurt, for they are part of the past and they survive in its memory.

I wonder if such a man, on trial by his own government for perjury, sitting in a courtroom watches and listens to his former wife and remembers St. Paul:

> But I would have you to be without solicitude. He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord: how he may please God.
>
> But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world: how he may please his wife. And he is divided.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Communications

O Come, All Ye Faithful

TO THE EDITORS: I can remember the first time I broached the subject of vernacular in the liturgy to a layman. He was so surprised that such a thing was even remotely possible, that I was surprised at his surprise. There must be countless of the laity who wonder about the Latin, "the mysterious language" of our Mass, but who dismiss the thought as soon as it arises.

The Catholic Church is hierarchical, yes, and authority rests with the hierarchy. But the thing the average layman tends to forget is that the Church, like the sacraments, is for man. The only reason why Christ established the Church, with its hierarchy, was to save man.

The laity must remember that they too are the Church, members of Christ's Mystical Body. It is to the laity's needs that the hierarchy are ordained to administer; their need for God, for grace, for the sacraments, for the truth, and for love. It is the hierarchy's exalted vocation to have power over Christ's Body, the real and the mystical. The first for the welfare of the second.

In our times, when secularism has made inroads even into our Catholic ranks, it is more necessary than ever that the laity live a more grace-filled life in Christ Jesus. Our present Holy Father has voiced this urgent need again and again, and has written two encyclicals, one on the doctrine of the Mystical Body, another on the sacred liturgy, in which he has pointed out how this growth in dynamic holiness can be achieved.

There must be a wholehearted embracing of those means which increase and deepen in him the mystery of membership. The first and indispensable source is, of course, the sacred liturgy, and Pius XII's encyclical on sacred liturgy can leave no doubt that he desires most vehemently an intensification of liturgical life for the faithful.

In the closing paragraphs he says: "The Mass is the chief act of divine worship: it should also be the source and center of Christian piety. Never think that you have satisfied your apostolic zeal until your faithful approach in great numbers the celestial banquet which is a sacrament of devotion, a sign of unity and a bond of love. . . . Use every help to get the faithful everywhere to fill the churches and crowd around the altars so that they may be restored by the graces of the sacraments and joined as living members to their divine Head, and with Him and through Him celebrate together the august sacrifice that gives due tribute of praise to the Eternal Father."

There is a growing number who believe that a great help in accomplishing this goal would be some extension of the use of the vernacular in those parts of the sacred rites in which the people can legitimately take part, and which are for their instruction.

It is always good to see that belief expressed publicly by a "benighted soul" like layman John Cort. It adds some weight to the argument (not because Mr. Cort is a layman, but because there are so few who say it publicly). We must remember that our hierarchy cannot easily anticipate the needs of the faithful unless there is some positive expression of that need. If no one ever says that he feels he is being deprived of much which would foster in him a greater and more fervent holiness, because he cannot understand or take active part in the sacred mysteries celebrated in a tongue foreign to his own, how shall the hierarchy draw the conclusion that some use of the mother-tongue would be an advantage in achieving the goal set by Pius?

There are those who would argue that there are bilingual missals, explanations and commentaries on the Holy Mass available to the laity, and that these solve the problem. It can be relieved in this way, but it will not be solved until the common working man, who has neither enough time or money to avail himself of these helps, can participate in a Mass the language of which doesn't have to reach him with its truth and beauty through the words of a translator. This is the need which we pray will be understood by the laity and manifested to the hierarchy.

Pius XII said: "Let us remind all that they must generously and faithfully obey their holy pastors who possess the right and duty of regulating the whole life, especially the spiritual life of the church. 'Obey your prelates and be subject to them. . . .' " And he also wrote: "The use of the Latin language, customary in a considerable portion of the Church, is a manifest and beautiful sign of unity,

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as well as an effective antidote for any corruption of doctrinal truth. In spite of this, the use of the mother tongue in connection with several of the rites may be of much advantage to the people. But the Apostolic See alone is empowered to grant this permission."

If then, the vernacular is a real necessity for the good of souls, and this is made manifest to the authorities, we have very good reason to hope for answer in the affirmative. France and Germany have had such answers. In England the hierarchy is considering the problem.

Promoters for vernacular in the liturgy do not say or hold that the vernacular will solve all the spiritual problems of our times. But they do feel and have said that it would be a great help in encouraging the faithful to take their active and intelligent participation in the sacred liturgy, "the first and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit."

Let those who agree speak, then, clergy and laity, so that the hierarchy will take notice of this need and deliberate upon it, and, with the mature and wise authority which is theirs by the power of the Holy Spirit, present us with the true answer to this "difficult and delicate problem."

A PRIEST
(*Name withheld on request*)

State College, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Cort may take a too pessimistic view of the state of the Church in his article "O Come, All Ye Faithful" (THE COMMONWEAL, 5 January 1951). According to the census figures the Church's membership has increased 29% since 1940, the population of our country but 15%. In 1940 Catholics represented some 16% of the total population, today some 18%. It is true that one might conclude from the example of our metropolitan churches that the Church is losing her appeal for men, but Mr. Cort should visit the smaller parishes in our towns and countryside. There the number of men receiving the sacraments is not appreciably below that of the women.

On the other hand, Mr. Cort is correct in sounding the alarm . . . he suggests that we face the prospect of losing our men and, in effect, our working class unless we inject some virility into our religious services. And converts other than Mr. Cort have commented at the supersonic speed with which the prayers at and after Mass are recited. . . .

JOSEPH H. DAHMUS

Merciless Ideologues

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: There are certain minor advantages in living through the experience of preparation for world war twice in a single decade. One of them is that one tends to get one's answers down pat. When I first read the editorials of THE COMMONWEAL back in '39 and '40, you had more difficulty in tossing the criticisms of a person like Dorothy Day out the window. Now you have solidified your position, and one may suppose that even so serious an indictment as hers cost you little spiritual confusion and prompted small searching of conscience. And of course you have your point all right. The absolute pacifist position is not a tenable one in this work-a-day (or should I say "murderous") world. I can only add that it is easy to see why Miss Day and people of good will like her can't see the untenableness of the position. It is because the proponents of the crusading school of thought like yourself (war-in-defense-of-freedom-justice-democracy-human dignity) are so obviously mistaken and inhuman.

Just take another look at that editorial of yours which you entitle "Pilgrimage." "It is a good and a high road we are on and some day or other it must take us to haven and home." Here we have all the shoddy paraphernalia of the sanguinary intellectual at his worst. We are on the road of progress toward a world government based on international law (as seen by the Roman and Anglo-Saxon traditions) and though we may heap up mountains of corpses before the road turns into the promised land we must continue onward and upward on the road.

This doctrine would be laughable if it were not so tragic. You yourself point out that the overwhelming mass of men have not so much as heard of the principles to which you pay your idolatrous worship. Not only that, most Asiatic intellectuals who have heard of them repudiated them with charges of hypocrisy and insincerity against their proponents. Nevertheless you propose to persevere and spread your gospel of the UN by the means which our troops are now using in Korea. Did you perhaps notice that those troops are now required to shoot all male Korean refugees (familiarly known as Gooks) on the basis of the fact that every tenth such civilian has been found to be a disguised Communist soldier? Have you *really* satisfied your conscience that by systematically devastating their country and murdering their people we are in some inscrutable way benefitting those benighted Asiatics? How have you been able to overlook the persistent reports (in such reputable newspapers as the New York *Times*) that the Rhee government has been executing women and children in families suspected of abetting the Reds? Is there no limit to what can be condoned in the name of the UN? And how, may one ask, does that idol differ from any other alliance or coalition of nations in the past which has undertaken a mutual defense against aggression?

I am forced to agree with you that such a mutual defense system is a regrettable necessity for the western world, which because of its inner weaknesses and its ruthless enemies from outside, has been driven to the border of extinction. But I can hardly see what basis this leaves us for the rapturous notions of progress toward the good life imposed on the heathen without the law by any and every bestial and barbarous means. Better we should all be imbeciles than such merciless ideologues!

EDWIN HALSEY

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The Stage

SECOND THRESHOLD

PHILIP BARRY had completed only a draft of this play when he died, and Robert E. Sherwood has supplied the necessary revision. While the talents of the two men are not well matched—Sherwood's is forthright and Barry's was glancing—the collaboration is very nearly successful. Very nearly, but not quite. The theme of the play is contemporary and arresting—the impulse to self-destruction in a man who has outlived not his usefulness but his faith—and Clive Brook is playing the leading role with bite and understanding. The working out of the play, however, never seems dense enough for the weight of its theme. It skirts the central subject matter lightly, making a good many telling stabs at it, but never plunging wholly into the bitterness and terror which are at the heart of it. This, I think, must be laid to Barry, and I am sure that Sherwood has done his damndest to make the second act rise to the occasion.

Barry was essentially a writer of comedy, and repartee was his stock in trade. He did, however, aspire to a greater seriousness, and there are passages in "Hotel Universe" and "Here Come the Clowns" which indicate ability in this direction. The difficulty, whenever he attempted heavier fare, was that he seemed to walk on tiptoe, perhaps in fear that he would be laughed at, and his work always seems to be trying to anticipate that possibility by getting in the first laugh. It moves gingerly among the more disturbing moral problems, darting and feinting, always ready to withdraw into the security of a smart remark, as though to indicate that the author has not lost his sense of humor or got himself out of his depth. It is an effort to be involved and disengaged at the same time, to preserve *savoir faire* when all *savoir faire* should be shattered. Barry was unwilling to dig in, and expose himself. The result, in a play like "Hotel Universe," was that the malaise of the characters seemed as much fashionable as real. In "Second Threshold" it has a great deal more reality and pertinence, but we still feel as though the characters have thrown up psychological blinds so successful as to be impenetrable. The flippant manner continues to shield them.

Clive Brook, with considerable insight, seizes upon this very defect and makes it the core of his characterization. He capitalizes on the impenetrability, giving the jocosity a coldness that is terrifying to watch. But sooner or later, if the play is to reach a climax, the shield should be pierced and the pretense laid bare. This Barry cannot bring himself to do, to the bitter end relying on indirect and peripheral intimations—such as having the character converse charmingly with a disembodied spirit supposed to be hovering just outside his penthouse window—and we miss the sense of ever having got inside the man.

Nevertheless, what does take place is extremely interesting to watch, there are many successful passages of humor, and I think Clive Brook's performance alone justifies your attending. I was somewhat disappointed in Margaret Phillips as the daughter; Miss Phillips is certainly one of our most effective younger actresses, but in this case she seems determined to out-manner Barry, and her speech is becoming so stylized as to make what is really an English accent sound astonishingly like an Austrian one. Alfred de Liagre, Jr., has both produced and directed, and he shouldn't have. He is a producer of some taste, but his stage direction is stiff, repetitious, and without focus, and I think he has hurt his own recent productions, including this one, by taking on too much interpretative responsibility. (*At the Morosco*)

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA

THE work of Federico Garcia Lorca, like that of Bertolt Brecht, has its dedicatees — a coterie of enthusiasts who are constantly telling us that the theatre will be vastly enriched by the production and imitation of such work—and the American National Theatre and Academy has done us all a service in putting this, one of the best known Lorca pieces, on its stage. However, so far as I at least am concerned, the gratitude must end with the simple fact of production; I did not find the play very stimulating, and was at something of a loss to know what its contribution to theatrical form might be. As realism, it is sketchy and even tired: a number of realistic plays have used the same material—the repression of children by authoritarian parents—more successfully. As lyricism—and this is the quality for which Lorca is most often praised—it is something of a puzzle. The language is only occasionally poetic, and then not very effectively so. If the lyricism is to be found in the somewhat free construction of the play, which seems to me more likely, it is insufficiently accented in the present production. If it is a matter of mood, I do not see how a single, and rather grating, mood can be considered to be rhythmic or varied. However, I would hesitate to form any very conclusive opinion of Lorca's work from the current performance, since Boris Tumarin's stage direction is jerky rather than fluid, and the translation from the Spanish surely cannot be a good one.

Katina Paxinou is playing the tyrant mother with bursts of force which are in themselves often convincing and once or twice exciting, but they are much too obviously bursts—occasional efforts to jolt the play into some sense of dramatic movement. I found Kim Stanley and Mary Welch, among the daughters, exceptionally attractive and able, and was particularly impressed by Miss Welch's ability to define a character in a very few lines. The acting as a whole, however, is not well integrated in style.

If ANTA has had only one thoroughly successful venture—"Twentieth Century"—out of its first four tries, I do not think there is any cause for complaint. Committed in part to experimentation, and bound to stumble, ANTA is actually *doing* what theatre people in this coun-

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try have always talked about doing but never before got round to. ANTA is producing plays which are at least of interest to the theatre student (for the specialist, there are many unsuccessful plays which are worth seeing), it is putting actors to work in responsible rather than amateurish productions (among them prominent and talented actors not often or easily available for this kind of work), it is operating a full-time theatre on a genuinely experimental basis, and it seems to me to be doing these things with an unheard-of efficiency. (*At the* ANTA *Playhouse*) WALTER KERR.

The Screen

THE BEST IS YET TO BE

AT THE beginning of *"The Magnificent Yankee,"* its two chief characters are in their sixties; and these two people, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife Fanny, manage to hold your interest, without the aid of flashbacks to golden youth or maturing years, through a full-length feature film that covers more than twenty years. "The Magnificent Yankee" is a triumph of good acting, good writing, good film making and superior make-up. Emmet Lavery, who wrote the script from his own play (for which he used Francis Biddle's book *Mr. Justice Holmes* as his main source) softened some of the snappier aspects of Holmes' character a little but allowed the sentiment of his play to get even more sentimental; and Director John Sturges, never missing an opportunity to jerk a tear, keeps his audience's eyes moist throughout the entire movie. Several times as I watched this static but interesting film, I wished that it would give us more of the famous issues in which Holmes was involved, more of the meanings behind his opinions, but at the same time I realized that this could not be done visually, and if it were done verbally in the script, this already talky movie would have gotten only more verbose.

Actually the movie succeeds well in conveying the character of this man who became known as the great dissenter, a great fighter who would even oppose the president when necessary (as he did Theodore Roosevelt when Roosevelt was on his unconstitutional trust-busting rampage). And when Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis (played to perfection by Eduard Franz in the film's finest supporting role) worked together, our country had a couple of great minds to listen to and outstanding leaders to follow.

Armand Deutsch has given "The Magnificent Yankee" a beautiful production with fine shots of Washington and the Supreme Court in action. But what you will remember longest about the picture are the fine performances of Louis Calhern as Holmes and Ann Harding as his wife. Calhern glows with vitality as we see Holmes advance through the years to an over-ripe old age. One is really convinced that this energetic oldster accepted the challenge of life "to touch the superlative on your own." Perhaps what made Holmes an even more manly man was his great devotion to his wife; and Miss Harding's moving portrayal makes this devotion understandable. I got a little tired of the way in which she always kept Wendell in line, but obviously she was just what a tough legal man like Holmes needed. Their love and companionship is as tender and sentimental as any the movies have ever displayed; maybe that is why I found the succession of "adopted sons" through the years (each year Holmes took on the top man from the Harvard law class as his secretary, and then considered that man as one of his brood) as the supersentimental touch that detracts from the film's feel of reality. Perhaps some of the sweetness of Holmes' desire to have all the pleasures of parenthood through his secretaries without any of the responsibilities could have been toned down if flashforwards had shown us how some of these secretaries turned out—Alger Hiss, for instance. Holmes would have been the first to admit that life is for the living; and I think he would have liked this movie about himself and its stirring portrayal of the last of life, for which the first was made.

★

MOVIEGOERS who insist on a little more visual violence in their films may find some of the new westerns to their liking. In *"Branded,"* Alan Ladd, whose dead pan is deader than ever and whose only friends are his guns, pulls off a hoax on a couple of nice old ranchers by posing as their long-lost son. You're supposed to think Alan is a pretty bad boy during the first part of the picture, but knowing Ladd and movies' fondness for a quick conversion, you don't take his badness too seriously. Anyway the nice ranch folk (Charles Bickford and Selena Royle) have a daughter (Mona Freeman) who would be Alan's sister if the hoax were continued, so you're sure things will get straightened out in time for a good clinch finale. They do.

★

"DALLAS," of course, takes place in Texas too; and it uses the old post-Civil War period—not to speak of numerous other western clichés. Its plot is so complicated, however, that you finally find yourself just watching Gary Cooper being very virile and shooting up all the bad boys like Steve Cochran and Raymond Massey. The film tries to make it clear that some of these men are known as bad men and some really are bad men; but if you can keep the story's intentions straight along these lines, more power to you. For a while you may wonder which girl (Ruth Roman or Barbara Payton) is going to snag Gary. It's the Technicolor scenery and rough stuff that may hold your interest through part of "Dallas" anyway.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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A Formula for Survival

By HAROLD C. HINTON

THE PUBLICATION of a new book by the brilliant British economist, Barbara Ward, is bound to arouse the interest of any one who remembers her earlier work, *The West at Bay,* and its extremely cogent analysis of the economic, political, and spiritual crisis through which the Western world is passing.

Her latest book, *Policy for the West* (W. W. Norton, New York. $3.75), repeats her reasoned affirmation that given a revival of its Christian faith, a continuation of intelligent and sympathetic American aid, and genuine progress toward the achievement of political and economic cooperation, Western Europe can surmount its present difficulties and survive the challenge of Communism. Both books are tracts for the times of the highest order. The first, published in 1948, devotes a great deal of space to matters of historical background—for example, to the stabilizing role of Great Britain in the international economy of the nineteenth century, to Karl Marx's critique of that economy, and to the causes of the Great Depression—but centers its attention on the Marshall Plan, which was in its infancy at the time the book came out.

Policy for the West, for its part, clearly reflects the extent to which international relations have deteriorated in recent months; the strategy of armed defense against Communism is now one of Miss Ward's main concerns. The Communist nations, she argues with convincing logic, are implacably hostile to both the capitalist world and to the so-called Third Force, and are determined to subjugate them both sooner or later. Nevertheless, since they believe that history is working for them and that capitalism will ultimately collapse through its own inherent contradictions, they do not necessarily care to risk a general war, and a Western policy of "containment," or "building situations of strength," may discourage them from committing further acts of aggression. The area in which such a policy is most feasible, and also most necessary, is Western Europe, the region which has given birth to most of the forces which sustain and afflict the modern world—nationalism, science, industrialism, totalitarianism.

Fortunately, Western Europe and the United States have already begun to take a number of promising steps toward the creation of "situations of strength"—mainly in the formulation of the Marshall Plan and its military equivalent, the Atlantic Pact. Much still remains to be done, however; the nations of the West must abandon, or at least modify drastically, their political and economic particularism, expressed in divergent foreign policies, tariffs, import quotas, and restrictions on immigration, if they are to create a center of power able to stand on its own feet and withstand the dual threat of attack and subversion.

Miss Ward is reasonably hopeful that these essential steps will be taken in time, but she fears that the demands of rearmament may throw the European Recovery Program out of joint and confront the West with the menace of inflation. To meet this menace she recommends an application of the theories of the late Lord Keynes, the famous British economist. Keynes held that the cycle of boom and bust, which has plagued capitalist economies, is caused, or at least accentuated, by the tendency of consumer demand and capital investment to fluctuate with the periodic replacement of capital equipment. Heavy machinery tends to wear out, and to require capital investment for its replacement, about once every ten years. This tendency, if unregulated, leads to periodic overproduction—or rather production in excess of what the market is capable at the time in question of absorbing—and to resulting slumps.

The remedy, according to Keynes, lies in regulatory action on the part of the government concerned, which by variations in the interest rate and other fiscal maneuvers can help to maintain capital investment at a reasonably constant level and thus prevent the occurrence of violent ups and downs in the trade cycle. Thus, the inflationary dangers inherent in a vast armament program, with the inevitable diversion of capital and consumer goods from the civilian market to miltary uses, can be counteracted by restrictions on credit, increased taxation, and private investment in government bonds, as well as by wage and price controls.

Miss Ward neglects to point out that although much of Keynes' analysis of the trade cycle is still generally accepted, it has been widely assailed in recent years as an oversimplification of what is in reality a very complex process. Many economists believe that Keynes treats as virtually unitary certain factors, such as national income, which actually are highly diverse. Whether these qualifications invalidate part or all of Miss Ward's diagnosis and prescription is a question which I prefer to leave to the judgment of economists more competent than myself.

★

ONE of the best parts of the book is the brief chapter in which Miss Ward demonstrates the insufficiency of mere nationalism, unless reinforced by administrative efficiency and a reasonable hope of foreign aid and economic prosperity, as a bulwark against the spread of Communism in the Far East. Few governments have been more nationalistic, or at least more anti-foreign, than that of Chiang Kai-shek, but its failure to give serious attention to China's desperate social and economic ills has led to its relegation to the ashcan of history. Chiang

HAROLD C. HINTON, of Georgetown University, is a professor of political science and one of the authors of the Army's official history of the Korean Occupation.

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had his Mao Tse-tung, and other non-Communist governments of the Far East may well go the same way unless they profit by Chiang's example.

Unfortunately, Miss Ward lays herself open to the charge of over-optimism on several counts. In the first place, she neglects entirely the vital question of whether, even if the Soviet Army should suddenly sink beneath the sea, Western Europe can hope to support its present population at a decent level without mass emigration. She apparently believes that it can, but I wish she had discussed the problem as frankly and lucidly as did J. L. Benvenisti in the pages of THE COMMONWEAL, December 12, 1947. Secondly, her refutation of Marxism does not include a critique of Lenin's uncomfortable thesis that the Western capitalist world has become dependent for its raw materials and markets on the colonial regions of Asia, and that it will fall if deprived of them. She seems to think not, but again the issue might better have been squarely faced.

Lastly, and perhap most serious of all from a short-term viewpoint, Miss Ward's analysis of the problem of Western defense displays a serious flaw. She refers (on page 102) to "the superiority of three to one which, for safety, a potential aggressor must command," and permits the reader to draw inference that if the West builds up its armaments to a slightly better than one-to-three ratio in relation to those of the Soviet bloc all will be well, since Western strategy is defensive, not aggressive. This implication is frighteningly reminiscent of the days of the Phoney War, or Sitzkrieg, during the winter of 1939-40.

★

DURING the first World War, the employment of machine guns, barbed wire and entrenchments gave the defense something of a temporary superiority over the offense. After the war a host of military writers, of whom the best known was Liddell Hart, propounded the thesis that the defensive is both strategically and tactically the stronger, especially in the hands of the side with the greater economic staying power, and that an attacker needs a three-to-one superiority in order to be sure of success. This idea was enthusiastically adopted by the French General Staff, which is generally one war behind in its thinking and which, in its wholly understandable anxiety to avoid a repetition of the bloodbath of 1914-1918, decided that its best hope of victory over Germany lay in huddling behind the Maginot Line. In the early spring of 1940 French generals were congratulating themselves on the fact that, at least on the ground, the Germans were far from possessing a three-to-one superiority.

Unfortunately, the development of the plane, the tank, and of self-propelled artillery had meanwhile restored the superiority of the offensive, and in these weapons the Germans enjoyed a marked preponderance. Between May 10 and June 21, 150 German divisions crushed 120 British, French, and Belgian divisions with a flank attack through the Low Countries and a brilliantly executed main effort through the Ardennes Forest. I had thought

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What is art and what makes a work of man an artistic work? What is the purpose of art? These and similar questions pertain to the philosophy of art. In the present volume the author, a philosopher of renown, considers the basic principles of art.

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Nothing can better indicate the scope of this work than a list of the fifteen chapter titles, as follows: Ideas and Method, The Genesis of a Work of Art, The Nature of Works of Art, The Artistic Order, The Perception of Art, Artistic Emotion, Artistic Purpose, Beauty in Nature, The Einfuehlung, Sociological Aesthetics, Humanist or Pragmatist Aesthetics, Return to Objectivism, Metaphysical Problems in the Aesthetics of the Thirteenth Century, Psychological Problems in the Aesthetics of the Thirteenth Century, Greek Aesthetics and Medieval Aesthetics.

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that this campaign had disposed forever of the three-to-one myth. It is discouraging to find a writer of Miss Ward's intelligence still propagating it.

No, the West cannot be satisfied with a slightly better than one-to-three inferiority in air, sea, or ground forces if Western Europe is to be held in time of war—and Miss Ward certainly wishes it to be held. The sad truth seems to be that Russia's satellites are strong enough to uphold the Soviet cause in Asia and Eastern Europe in the event of a general war, leaving the Soviet Army itself free to concentrate most of its forces against Western Europe. No less an authority than General Eisenhower has recently admitted (on January 4) that he does not know how strong a force would be needed to hold Western Europe, "but when you come down to the soldier's attitude, all of us believe, as Napoleon, that no commander ever had too much strength no matter what your trouble was." Miss Ward agrees wholeheartedly that we must have as much force as is necessary, and it is thus doubly unfortunate that she has dragged in the confusing three-to-one myth.

★

BUT these are relatively small defects, after all, in an otherwise magnificent book. Miss Ward's last chapter, "Faith for Freedom," is superb. In it she calls upon the peoples of the Western world to counteract the dynamic pseudo-religious appeal of Communism, not by bread alone, but by reviving and strengthening the classical and, above all, the Judaeo-Christian elements in our civilization. ". . . every Marshall Plan," she says, "every extension of economic aid to backward areas, every increase in social and economic opportunity, every act of justice and reconciliation breaks with the Communists' fundamental gospel—the fatality of history—and restores, triumphantly and creatively, the freedom of the West. We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom and in it, the Western Powers can freely choose and freely act."

Response to an Appeal

WE HAVE received a letter from Abbe R. du Couret, for whom THE COMMONWEAL has appealed for funds. He asks us to publish the following word of thanks: "I was very touched indeed to hear of M. Jacques Maritain's appeal to COMMONWEAL readers for my little village school. I can make, with these generous gifts, repairs that are most important for this old house. I have acknowledged all the contributions but many of my letters were returned to me marked "insufficient address." I wish all to have my thanks and I assure you that every day I pray for my dear American benefactors and friends."

ABBE R. DU COURET,
Cure de Tusson,
(Charente, France)

Of Note

Inequality

IN THE February issue of *Maryknoll, The Field Afar* (Maryknoll, New York) Bishop Raymond A Lane, Superior General of the Maryknoll Society writes:

In 1946, after almost four years in concentration camp, followed by a year with the Russians in Manchuria, I returned to San Francisco. We had been on short rations often during the preceding five years. The sight of many people obviously overweight, and of many others devouring much more than they seemed to require, was disturbing. I had just left Dairen, where I had seen many people starving. We missioners had cut down our meals to a minimum, in order to give what we could to save others. It is the great inequality between the way people live here, and the way many people in other parts of the world live, that causes many millions outside our country to dislike Americans.

Other inequalities are likewise productive of much ill feeling. In a recent trip to Africa, for instance, I found in one section, containing almost two million people, only six doctors. Were there an equal scarcity in New York City there would be only thirty doctors for the entire population. In the same district, there is a great deal of leprosy with no segregation. Recent information, which has not been checked too carefully, gives the incidence of thirty lepers in every thousand of the population. There is but one lying-in hospital in the entire region. This is typical of the so-called backward areas.

The whole of mankind should be the responsibility of every Catholic. Usually the missioner needs very little stimulus on this point, for he has the contrast always before him. He finds it easy to understand that the corporal works of mercy must be the everyday concern of the man in the front lines. There is danger, however, even for the missioner, that he may restrict his efforts too closely to spiritual things and that he may fail to consider the whole man.

Pope Pius XI sent out a letter some years ago, in which he pleaded with priests everywhere to take greater interest in the poor and under-privileged. Some priests may protest that their principal function is to say Mass and to confer the sacraments. True, but it has always been necessary that priests likewise take an interest in all those things that touch upon man's well-being, that have an effect, directly or indirectly, on man's moral life.

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Books

The Left Hand of God. William E. Barrett. Doubleday. $3.

"THE need for money is what causes overproduction; therefore writers must have private income. No gold, no Holy Ghost."

Cyril Connolly said that in *Enemies of Promise* and nobody has to remind a successful slick writer of the profundity therein. Yet a successful slick writer must be respected for his competence in a field that, within its limits, exacts a professional skill at sustaining and satisfying general reader-interest which is ill-deserving of the scorn of the literati.

One has reason to suspect that in the breast of many a talented slick writer stirs the ambition to go heavyweight, to turn serious writer through sheer will power, ingenuity, belief.

Few indeed have been able to accomplish this admirable creative schizophrenia. F. Scott Fitzgerald comes to mind inversely. He, under financial duress, could go from quality to slick and back again. He was paid well for it; then *he* paid well.

But the gold of the slicks is still a different kind of gold from Cyril Connolly's; it does not seem to attract the Holy Ghost.

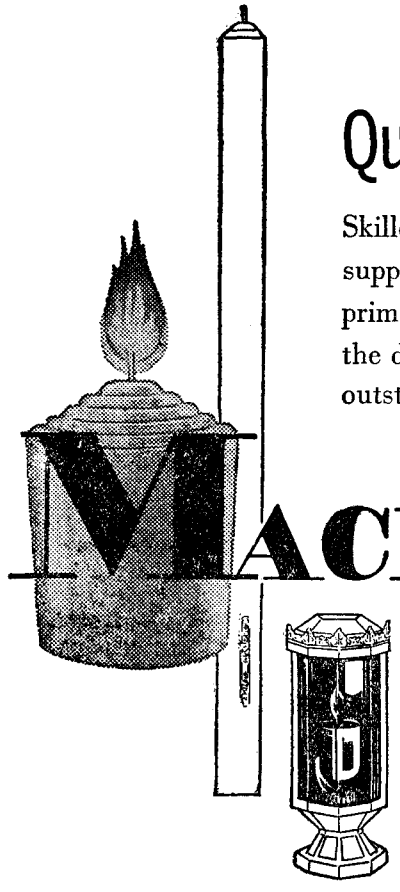
In *The Left Hand of God* Mr. Barrett may be making his big literary pitch. Or he may be taking shrewd aim at the golden goose of current Catholic best-seller popularity.

This ingenious and, at times, genuinely devout action-story appeared, in shorter version, as a serial in *Redbook*. It concerns the adventures of Jim Carmody, American lieutenant of a petty Chinese warlord, who, in order to escape the latter's service, masquerades as the priest director of a mountainy Catholic mission.

Carmody, an embittered, fallen-away Catholic strives to perform the priestly functions of the murdered Father O'Shea whose place he has taken, whose clothing and credentials he has appropriated. He does all this with one eye on the door, as it were. He is, however, eventually caught up by the significance of the sacerdotal rituals and responsibilities through which he drills convincingly, bolstered by hectic study, personal magnetism and the memory of his years as a practicing Catholic.

There is a pretty, pious American nurse who also engages his serious interest—he, scrupulous of his new-found responsibilities as shepherd of a devout peasant flock—she, sublimating her attraction to him in diverse pious actions and words. His reverence and love for the Chinese congregation becomes deep and loving. The bogus Masses he celebrates, the pseudo-sacraments he administers, humble and deepen his spirit.

But the author leans too heavily on the sensationalism of Carmody's situation instead of giving us a pro-



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found and arresting insight into the tragedy of his soul. Erecting contrivance on contrivance he beckons the reader on and on to satisfaction. For example, Carmody redeems the mission in a climactic dice game with the beleaguering Chinese warlord.

Carmody is deeply disturbed by his sacrilege but recurrently he feels an inner glow because of his ministrations to the faithful—the efficacy of inefficacy. Things will turn out all right in the end, somehow, some way. And they do, they do. All this and nursey, too.

Ask the readers of *Redbook* if this is not hot stuff; ask soon the titivated members of the parish book clubs who are in for torrid pro-and-con discussions about Father O'Shea—I mean Jim Carmody.

For my part I think it is a serious book only in certain dangerous implications. Carmody's dalliance with the nurse, who thinks he is a priest, makes the actual possibility almost scandalously real. And Carmody's swift, reverent habituation to the profound and complex ritual and duties of the priesthood is almost as absurd as it is disturbing.

Graham Greene might have set this down between hard covers, with genuine profundity, high adventure and terror of soul. Yet with all due respect to a good slick writer, one cannot help but wish that Mr. Barrett's yarn had stayed in *Redbook* where it and he seem to belong.

JOE DEVER.

Europe Between the Acts. R. G. Waldeck. Doubleday. $3.50.

WHEN Countess Waldeck published, almost six years ago, *Meet Mr. Blank,* most German emigrants and many American critics were angered. It was unusual to deal with political matters in such a light vein and to doubt that post-Hitler Germany would turn to the Left. Countess Waldeck claimed that after the downfall of the Nazis the German industrialists and generals would remain the only backbone of German power. It is rather evident now that the Countess was an excellent prophet on Germany's future, thanks to her lack of political resentment, her keen observation and cool realism.

The author's new book is an unusual hodgepodge of social gossip, serious political research, visits with the *haute couture,* conversations with famous personalities, mostly at the tea table, window shopping, cynical quips about famous and infamous persons, profound reasoning about political trends, malicious anecdotes and a discreet dose of self-admiration.

But in spite of all her antics, R. G. Waldeck has written a serious book. I doubt, for instance, whether her "Vatican friends" really gave her confidential information—any attentive reader of the *Osservatore Romano* might have written her "Roman conversations" from a New York desk. Yet it remains remarkable that such a flippant and cynical observer of the European scenes is aware that the Vatican alone fills the political void left by the fall of Fascism and the monarchy; it alone embodies in our days legitimacy and moral authority. The detachment,

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the historical perspective and the balance of judgment of the ecclesiastical statesmen is stressed with remarkable intensity in a book that mostly mirrors the chaotic conditions of the present European mind.

R. G. Waldeck gives glimpses of present conditions in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, the Scandinavian and Benelux countries; but her most substantial chapter deals with conditions in Western Germany under the Occupation. Though she has lived in the United States for twenty years and writes as an American citizen who has shuttled back and forth a great deal between the two sides of the Atlantic, the author makes the most acid criticism of American Occupation policy I have ever read. She claims that it indulged the Germans in the very totalitarian tendency which it meant to eradicate and states that many former anti-Nazis are now very doubtful of democratic principles, at least as demonstrated by the Occupation army. She explains why the trials of Nuremberg and the process of denazification had no educational effects on the Germans but evoked disgust and finally boredom. More than our moral preachings, the inadequacies of our Occupation policies made many Germans anti-militarists.

Though according to her the average German is rather uninterested in local politics and without enthusiasm for the new *Bundesstaat*, the utopia of United Europe is discussed with utmost fervor by all classes of the population. A German statesman told her: "Unless there is a United Europe soon, it's unavoidable that we turn eastward." Then he paused and added, "The trouble is that only the Germans have the will and zeal to bring off that Europe—but it goes without saying that the Germans can't be allowed to bring it off."

There are here some unusual observations which, I am inclined to think, may prove as prophetic as those in the author's former political chats. I hope that her reports find due attention in spite of the light manner in which they are told.

MAX FISCHER.

The Blind Spot In American Public Education. Clyde Lemont Hay. Macmillan. $2.

THIS little volume is an earnest plea for "universal" education in "basic" religious truths" in our public schools. Crime and juvenile delinquency, a rising divorce rate, uncontrolled alcoholism are some of the evils which Dr. Hay attributes to widespread religious illiteracy due to the failure of the nation's public schools to make some kind of religious instruction an integral part of every pupil's school experience. These evils are ruining the lives of individuals and are undermining the foundations of our democratic culture.

The author, drawing, I presume, upon his long experience in the Sunday School Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, quite effectively dismisses the idea of "leaving religious instruction to the home and church" by showing that (1) a complete education requires an understanding and appreciation of basic religious truths that are a part of the American cultural heritage, and (2)

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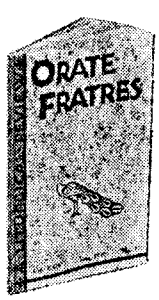

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only the public schools can reach the 50% or more of our school-age population now untouched by any church agency. The separation of "basic religious orientation" from education furnished by the state is from every angle "illogical."

On the ways and means of teaching religious truths (*e.g.*, God is the source of the moral order whose Will should be our law and to Whom we are morally responsible) without offense to any religious denomination and without violation of "anti-sectarian" laws, the author's views are rather obscure. Most of his suggestions are a few practical proposals from the celebrated report of the American Council on Education, all of which are still in the theory stage pending the completion of plans for experimentation in a few schools. Apparently preoccupied with the Protestant problem of religious illiteracy, Dr. Hay is a bit over-enthusiastic about the non-sectarian character of his ideas, which happen to have a marked resemblance to very sectarian Protestant theology. And I would gather from the author's remarks that no matter how much Protestantism is re-introduced into tax-supported public schools, the American tradition, as he sees it, still will forbid any public aid to parochial schools of any denomination.

The author's brief treatment of large topics like the secularization of American education and the Champaign Case is necessarily superficial. On the whole, the book accurately describes the blind spot but, I fear, it sheds little light upon it.

WILLIAM E. MCMANUS.

Dancing Diplomats. Hank and Dot Kelly. University of New Mexico Press. $4.

THIS is a heart-warming book. Its author, Henry W. Kelly, of a noted Southwestern family, gives evidence of his pioneer background in its pages. Between the lines which chronicle a host of amusing and exciting experiences the reader discerns the clear outlines of a character whose vision, pertinacity, and diligence belie his less than thirty years. Mr. Kelly's untimely death, incurred three years ago in the course of shooting the rapids of the Rio Grande near Taos, has indeed, as Oliver La Farge remarks in his preface, deprived the community of a promising young writer.

Nor was he alone either in facing the experiences he here describes, or in recollecting them in tranquillity. His widow, who contributes a charming prologue, relates that the book was completed at night, until the wee hours of the morning, Hank doing the lion's share of the writing with Dot the right hand and critic. "It was fun writing," she says, and the reader cannot but agree that it must have been.

Yet the book is no mere travel book. The point is not that Hank and Dot after a two-weeks' honeymoon went to Iquitos by plane carrying all their worldly goods with them, found a chalet, named it Tacu Tacu, and settled down to an amusing time savoring adventures and writing about them. The adventures came unsought. Many were doubtless less amusing for the participants than for the reader. But all were encountered in the course of doing a job which must often have involved unpleasantness and drudgery.

Hank Kelly does not make frequent references to his own part in the surveying of the Peruvian-Ecuadorian boundary, nor does he state how the insecticidal barbasco plant so badly needed by the United States in her war effort was eventually shipped out in large quantities despite the opposition of the river steamer captains who all but refused to transport it. But from the picture he unconsciously draws of himself in this book we readily assume that he saw these issues to a successful conclusion.

His story could no doubt be echoed by hundreds of devoted young men in the foreign service who guard the reputation and prestige of our country in the outposts of civilization. It is well that one of their number should have spoken so clearly (and so entertainingly) for them all.

ALBAN BAER.

Credit for the Millions. Richard Y. Giles. Harper. $2.50.

THIS official chronicle of the first hundred years of the credit union movement cites, among others, two reasons for organizing these consumer cooperative banks. The first of these is the loan shark, who fattens on the emergency monetary needs of wage-earners without collateral. This sinister figure is still around, but there are restrictive regulations and commercial bank facilities that make it somewhat easier today to obtain a small loan without paying through the nose for it.

There may therefore be less impulsion now from this direction for organizing such agencies of mutual assistance. But the second aspect—the educative value of local cooperative action—is perhaps more important than ever. Mr. Giles writes well and is realistic in his appraisal of the movement's achievements, failings and possibilities.

• REVIEWERS •

JOE DEVER is the author of many short stories and of a new novel, *A Certain Widow,* to be published in the spring.

MAX FISCHER, a member of the faculty of the New School in New York, has been a foreign correspondent in Europe and the Orient.

REV. WILLIAM E. MCMANUS is assistant director of the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington.

REV. ALBAN BAER, O.S.B. is a monk of Portsmouth Priory and teaches at the Priory School.

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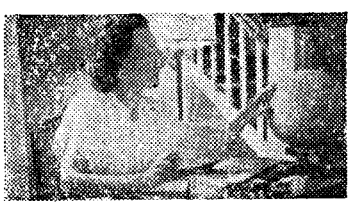

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